VERSES

ON THE

Plan and Method of

Sovereign GRACE:

ON THE

Being and Perfections of

GOD:

And on Other

Divine Subjects.

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The Plan or Method, of Sovereign Grace:

And the glorious Effects of Eternal Grace, flowing from the boundleſs and bottomleſs *Ocean* of infinite and *Divine* Love, the Foundation of this *Superſtructure* was laid in Eternity raiſed in time, & the Top ſtone will be laid by the Hands of *Omnipotency* in everlaſting Glory.

ETernal grace lid in GOD's boſom ſit,
To be beſtow'd on whom the LORD thought fit,
Treaſures of grace and everlaſting Mines,
And Magazines of love, O how his goodneſs ſhines!

Redeeming love is by the Goſpel known,
And grace DIVINE is by it's preaching ſhown;
The Sinner hears of grace being brought to light,
Now love and grace they ſhine with luſtre bright.

The Spirit ſhews, why Chriſt was crucify'd,
The bleſſings of the Croſs are now apply'd;
When precious Blood is on the conſcience ſpilt,
It gives it peace, and takes away it's guilt.

Inherent grace is pour'd into his Heart,
And holineſs which never will depart;
The fountain flows 'tis fed from grace and love,
Into eternal life 'twill ſpring above.

When holy Zeal burns with a mighty flame,
This Zeal for GOD will vindicate his name;
When once the Heart of grace it is poſſeſt,
This glow it burns within that pious breaſt.

When all the graces of the ſpirit flow,
Into the Soul Faith, Hope, and love will grow;
True humbleneſs of Mind ſuch will retain;
And patient under Trials will remain.

His

In this Page are the Contents reſpecting the Verſes of the other Page, both of which conſider as you read the Verſes.

Grace prepared by infinite goodneſs in eternity which is the Foundation of all. I have loved thee with an everlaſting love, *Jer.* 31, 9.

And this is made known in time, by the Goſpel of Peace, Life and immortality is brought to light by the Goſpel. 2 *Tim.* 1. 10.

And the bleſſings of redeeming Love and ſaving grace are apply'd by the Spirit, when the Spirit is come he will guide you into all Truth. *John*, 16. 13.

Abundance of inherent grace is poured into the Soul of Man. I will pour Floods on the dry ground. *Iſa.* 44. 3.

Which kindles the Flame of holy Zeal, 'tis good to be Zealouſly affected in a good Cauſe. *Gal.* 4, 18.

And other glorious effects as follow, they ſhall grow as Willows by the Water Courſes. *Iſa.* 44, 4,

His

His ſtrongeſt love and beſt Affections fly,
They leave the Earth and fix on things on high;
They ſoar aloft and fly on heavenly Wings,
And take delight in ſweet Celeſtial things.

His Eye of Faith pries in the World of Light,
Theſe dazzling Glories are a pleaſing ſight;
Faith mounts on high above the lofty ſkies,
Sees things which quite beyond blind reaſon lies.

The Chriſtian travels through this vale of tears,
Sometimes he's ſtrong in Faith, ſometimes has Fears;
With haſte he walks, or runs the heavenly way,
And keeps that Path, that leads to perfect day.

Then mark the upright Man obſerve him well,
He treads that path that leads from death and hell;
Well mark his ſteps, and walk that heavenly road,
And that will bring you to a bleſt abode.

Of glorious light the Chriſtian is poſſeſs'd,
With light DIVINE GOD doth his Children bleſs;
Like as a Lamp GOD's word that lights their feet,
And ſpirit guides to Joys divinely ſweet.

Seraphic love within the Chriſtian burns,
His beſt Affections to their center turns:
To GOD ſupreme that great and mighty being,
And loves that ſoul where'er true grace is ſeen.

The righteous Man holds out unto the end,
Freſh ſtrength and grace GOD to his ſoul will ſend;
Him GOD ſupports long as he draws a breath,
He'll perſevere unto the time of death.

And then with Joy his Soul thro' ether flies,
On Angel's Wings above the lofty ſkies:
In endleſs Bliſs with pleaſure he will ſing,
Sweet *Hallelujah's* to the Heavenly King.

It cauſes the Soul to look on this World with a holy Contempt and raiſes the Mind above; ſet your Affections on things above and not on things on the earth. *Col.* 3, 2.

And brightens the eye of Faith to pry into the inviſſible World above. Faith is the Subſtance of things hoped for the evidence of things not ſeen, *Heb*, 11. 1.

And ſupporting grace to uphold the Chriſtian through this World: my grace ſhall be ſufficient for thee. 2. *Cor*. 12.

Which grace enables the real Chriſtian to ſet for a ſhining Example, his light ſhines conſpicuouſly, mark the perfect Man and behold the upright, for the end of that Man is peace, *Pſalm*, 37, 37.

Illuminating grace is given to the Soul to light him through this dark World to the Realms of perfect light above. The eyes of your underſtanding being enlightened. *Epheſ*. 1, 18.

The grace of Love is drawn into lively exerciſe in the Soul, I will love thee O LORD my ſtrength. *Pſalm*, 18, 1.

And perſevering grace is given to the Saint to hold out unto the end, the righteous ſhall hold on his Way, the LORD upholdeth the righteous. *Pſalm*, 31. 6.

And then the Soul will fly on Angels Wings, where glorifying grace will be enjoy'd thro' eternity which is the Top Stone of all, and the redeemed of the LORD will forever and ever cry grace, grace unto it, the LORD will give grace and glory. *Pſalm*, 84, 11.

A Demonſtration of the Being, and Perfections of God; from the Works of Nature.

ROMANS, Chap. 1. Verſe xx.—For the inviſible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; ſo that they are without excuſe.

THOSE glorious Midnight Lamps,
Which ſparkle in the ſky,
They plainly prove a GOD,
And lift his glories high:
Beſpangled is the ſky,
With thoſe bright Orbs of light,
With luſtre they ſet forth,
GOD's handy works at Night.

GOD's footſteps there are ſhown,
And grandeur there is ſeen,
There are the Finger Prints,
Of the Almighty being:
With ſparkling luſtre do,
Thoſe heavenly bodies ſhine,
With ſplendour they ſet forth,
The Maker all Divine.

As thoſe material heavens,
They ſhine with luſtre bright,
What muſt thoſe heavens be,
Where GOD's enthron'd in light:
What wonders in the ſky,
What glories there we ſee,
What marvellous Works are there,
What muſt the Maker be.

The

The Sun, that dazzling light,
With Joy he runs his race,
How he ſets forth that GOD,
Of Univerſal ſpace;
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars,
Are govern'd by a nod,
Of him that gave their fix'd,
Laws of their Maker GOD.

Could we like them obey,
GOD's heav'nly mind and will,
And ſerve him faithfully,
And glorify him ſtill!
They for the uſe of Man,
Their Maker's will obey,
The Moon, and Stars at Night,
The Sun he Rules the Day.

Aſtronomers that do,
With Teleſcopes behold,
Thoſe blazing Lights above,
Which ſhine more bright than Gold;
With great ſurprize may ſee,
GOD's mighty wonders there:
What handy works you view!
May you the Author fear.

O how GOD's Wiſdom ſhines!
His ſkill and mighty pow'r,
Are ſet forth in the Day,
And in the Midnight hour;
How loud all things proclaim,
The greatneſs of that being,
The traces of a God,
In all his Works are ſeen.

How great muſt be that Pow'r,
  Which rules all in the ſky!
That hurls thoſe Orbs of Light,
  With rapid force they fly;
For many Thouſands Years,
  Like Bullets fly with haſte,
Their Courſe and ſtation keep,
  Altho' they fly ſo faſt.

How grand thoſe glorious works,
  Of the Almighty King!
How bright his wiſdom ſhines,
  And Pow'r in ev'ry thing!
How do the Starry Heav'ns,
  A God of might declare!
Jehovah there is wrote,
  And ſet in Letters fair.

The Firmament declares,
  God's handy works all round,
Thoſe wondrous Lights there ſhew,
  God's wiſdom is profound;
But in the Goſpel Plan,
  With greater luſtre ſhines,
God's great Perfection's there,
  Are drawn in faireſt Lines.

The Animals, and Plants,
  How curious is their Frame,
Their parts how nicely drawn!
  And ſpeak their Maker's Fame;
All things that we behold,
  A God in them we trace,
In Plants, and Trees God ſhines.
  And in the Inſect Race.

All things, and beings proclaim,
Their Maker to be great,
But Saints which taſte his Love,
His higheſt Praiſe repeat;
For GOD's redemption Work,
Calls for the higheſt Praiſe,
Then all the ſaved ſhould,
His higheſt honours raiſe.

But in the world of light,
There GOD reſplendent ſhines,
There are his Magazines,
And everlaſting Mines;
With ſparkling luſtre there,
His great perfections blaze,
While Angels bow, and fear,
Nor dare on Godhead gaze.

The grand Majeſtick Arch,
Adorn'd with curious fringe,
How bright the Colours are,
Dy'd with the deepeſt tinge!
GOD's Tokens then are ſhown,
In ſhowr's of falling rain,
By Water will no more,
Deſtroy all Fleſh again.

The fine and beauteous bow,
Adorn'd with all its pride,
Proclaims GOD's mercy great,
And faithfulneſs beſide;
The Air is fluſh't with Strakes,
When ſtreaming down the ſky,
O! may that pledge of Love,
Affect the heart and Eye.

The

The radiant ſhining ſkies,
And ſparkling rays of Light,
How glorious to the Eye,
And pleaſing to the ſight!
How bright that glitter ſhines,
And beams refulgent rays;
How loud their voice proclaim,
Their all Creator's praiſe!

What grandeur ſhines above,
All round the ſpacious Arch,
The Stars their limits know,
And keep their proper March;
Thoſe moving Orbs of Light,
They faithfully obey
The Laws their Maker fix't,
And keep from day to day.

How gay the gorgeous ſkies,
The furniture moſt fine;
Reſplendent all appear,
GOD's works how bright they ſhine!
While we behold the Light,
The Author we'll adore,
How g and his Works of Might!
Praiſe him for evermore.

The foaming watery Deep,
And wild confuſed ſeas,
GOD's hand controuls their rage,
And calms them when he pleaſe;
That GOD that fixt its bounds,
And ſunk its watery grave;
The billows he reſtrains,
And checks each boiſt'rous wave.

He

He has its limits ſet,
And bound it by the Shore,
His Word that muſt obey,
For all its angry roar ;
The liquid trackleſs Seas,
Great Ocean of the Deep,
GOD's word that muſt obey,
And muſt his Statutes keep.

The mighty Monſter of,
The boiſt'rous raging Seas,
A long the trackleſs Deep,
'Tis there he ſports and plays ;
How ſteel'd his Courage is,
How void he is of fear !
Laughs at the piercing Dart,
Nor minds the pointed ſpear.

His Noſtrils make the Deep,
The ſpacious Ocean boil,
And great and mighty Waves,
Are toſs'd with little Toil ;
This King of all the Seas,
He reigns from ſhore to ſhore,
That hand that formed him
Let all the earth adore,

While all the winged tribes,
They have their warbling throats,
How pleaſant 'tis to hear,
Them ſing their tuneful notes !
They all in chorus join,
And make the vallies ring,
And chant their pleaſant notes,
To pleaſe all nature's King.

With pleaſure how they ſing,
And with delight they raiſe,
Their ſweet melodious ſongs,
And ſound their Maker's praiſe:
How they exert their ſtrength,
And ſtretch their little veins;
And loudly ſing their tunes,
In moſt delightful ſtrains.

The boiſt'rous ruffling winds,
And gentle purling air,
And fleecy, wooly Clouds,
Unite and all declare,
That 'tis GOD's power that acts,
And rules from pole to pole,
And that his wiſdom does,
Guide and direct the whole.

How curious and exact,
The human frame is wrought,
How nicely all GOD form'd,
When Man in being was brought;
Thoſe many Thouſand parts,
Are drawn unto an hair,
Exactly all's complete,
Nor is there one to ſpare.

When Sulph'rous Vapours glance,
How quick they dart and fly,
As quick as thought deſcend,
When flaming from the ſky;
Thoſe wav'd expanded Sheets,
GOD's orders they fulfill,
Thoſe flaſhing Sallies ſtrike,
Where he permits, to kill.

The Sun the Source of light,
His influence chears all things,
How fruitful is the Earth!
By him her produce ſprings;
How barren is the Earth,
Without his warming Shine!
The Earth's the Feminine,
The Sun the Maſculine.

The planet's how they're wing'd,
With haſte they fly their rounds!
They all their limits keep,
And their appointed bounds;
How faithful and exact,
They all their courſes run;
And will till time ſhall ceaſe,
And then GOD's will they've done.

When great and dreadful Storms,
And and ratling Thunders roar,
And blazing Lightnings flaſh,
GOD's Mercy Men implore;
But more Tremendous will,
The mighty GOD appear,
When GOD ſhall judge the Earth,
How will the Wicked Fear!

When the bright Orbs will fall,
And Moon withdraw her Light,
The Sun will darken'd be,
In everlaſting Night;
When all things are diſolv'd,
When all the ſtars decay;
This Earthly Globe will blaze,
And Nature fall away.

With wonder, Reader view,
  GOD's mighty works in all,
How great his wonders are,
  All round this Earthly ball;
But in GOD's works of grace,
  To ſave poor fallen Man,
He moſt conſpicuous ſhines,
  In all that glorious plan.

May that Almighty being,
  Whom all his works adore,
Be in the higheſt eſteem,
  And prais'd for evermore;
The great and glorious GOD,
  The undivided three,
To praiſe and glorify,
  Let every thing agree.

On Redemption and Salvation.

REV. Chap. v. Verſe 9.—Thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us to GOD by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

WELL might bright Seraphs ſing,
  All glory in the high'ſt,
When down to Earth was brought,
  Peace and Good will by CHRIST;
He came to ſeek, and ſave,
  A wretched ſinful race,
When flaming Vengeance ſtood,
  CHRIST turn'd that wrath to grace.

O what a cruel Death,
  The bleſſed Saviour dy'd!
They pierc'd his hands and feet,
  His head and lovely ſide;

The bright the dazzling Sun,
In darkneſs veil'd his Face,
When CHRIST the Saviour dy'd,
To ſave a ruin'd race.

The thorns and cruel Nails,
Pierc'd with the ſharpeſt ſmart,
And Oh! the piercing ſpear,
That enter'd near his heart;
What weight of Sin he bore,
And wrath divine he felt!
He ſweat great Drops of Blood,
His Soul began to melt.

Ye wounded Sinners view,
CHRIST on the Goſpel Pole,
'Tis Faith that looks to CHRIST,
Who cures, and make you whole;
Behold the Lamb of GOD,
Stretch'd on the Croſs to bear,
The weight of Sin, and Guilt,
And bought full pardon there.

When Faith beholds her Lord,
Who is divinely fair,
How glorious bright he's ſeen,
How great his beauties are;
O! that his lovely charms,
Might raviſh all our breaſt,
And ſee the Prince of Life,
In realms of perfect reſt.

As CHRIST fulfill'd the Law,
Now Juſtice has it due,
The Sinner's juſtify'd,
In every point and View.

Now peace, and righteouſneſs,
Truth, Juſtice, Love, and Grace,
They all in Friendſhip meet,
And join their ſweet embrace.

'Twas then that Sin receiv'd,
Its moral deadly blow,
He conquer'd Death, and Hell,
And vaniſh'd ev'ry Foe,
'Twas then the Snare was broke,
And Satan loſt his prey,
And Hell was all confus'd,
The Captive made his way.

CHRIST's Reſurrection doth,
A Pledge and token give,
That he is GOD and Man,
And evermore ſhall live;
His Death has paid the Debts,
The Sinner owes to heav'n,
His Reſurrection is,
The quittance GOD has given.

Upon a lofty Throne,
CHRIST ſits and governs all,
Thro' endleſs worlds unknown,
And round this Earthly ball:
Infinite heights above,
And wondrous depths below,
And thro' all boundleſs ſpace,
All beings his rule ſhall know.

GOD's great perfections all,
Unite and meet in CHRIST,
How bright his Godhead ſhines,
He's equal with the high'ſt;

Great GOD omnipotent!
Thou doſt extend thy grace,
To call and ſave ſome of,
The vileſt of our race.

Almighty Saviour, GOD,
Thou GOD of glorious Might!
To ſave the Wickedſt Wretch,
Thy pow'r is infinite;
You greateſt Sinners of,
A Red and Crimſon Dye,
Here you may cleanſe your ſtains,
If to his Blood you fly.

Infinite Saviour, GOD!
Almighty is thy Power,
To free from Satan's Hand,
Who would our Souls devour.
From Sin, from Hell and Death,
Thou ſets poor Captives free,
And fits by grace Divine,
Their Souls to dwell with thee.

The Word of grace proclaims,
Salvation for the vile,
CHRIST has appeas'd GOD's wrath,
And heav'n begins to ſmile;
Now there's a Throne of grace,
To which CHRIST is the Way,
'Tis there he intercedes,
When we devoutly pray.

Bright Saints vile Sinners were,
But Mercy did obtain,
And being ſanctify'd,
Do now in Glory Reign;

A Perſecuting Paul,
A Magdalene poſſeſt,
Was juſtify'd, and ſav'd,
And are for ever bleſt.

If ye believe in CHRIST,
Whom GOD the Father ſent,
GOD's Mercy you'll obtain,
If truly you repent;
Why will ye Sinners die,
And not return and live?
Repent of all your Sins,
And GOD will them forgive.

If precious Blood divine,
And Mercy you deſpiſe,
For all theſe glaring Sins,
Remains no ſacrifice;
And if your harden'd hearts,
Againſt his grace rebel,
His Vengence will purſue,
Down to the Deeps of Hell.

Heav'ns greateſt fav'rite gave,
Security for Men,
He anſwer'd for their Guilt,
To give them Life again;
He has diſcharg'd thoſe Debts,
Which we can never pay,
'Tis his atoning Blood,
Wipes all the Score away.

Heaven ſtoop't to Earth to reach,
A ſinking World from Hell,
O Love divine! no Tongue,
Its worth can ever tell;

O did the Saviour leave,
The ſhining Realms above,
And ſuffer'd in Man's ſtead!
Who can deſcribe the Love?

'Tis Blood Divine alone,
Redeems us from the Fall,
We're Cyphers, Blanks, & Noughts,
While JESUS ſtands for all;
No works of Man e'er can,
A glorious heav'n procure,
CHRIST's Merit 'tis alone,
Which makes that Glory ſure.

CHRIST's Righteouſneſs that
Shining Robe, 'tis only this,
Gives title to the dazzling
Realms, of perfect Bliſs;
The only paſſport to
The pureſt Worlds of Light,
And gives admittance free,
To that moſt glorious Sight.

GOD's perfect Righteouſneſs,
Which is receiv'd by Faith,
Imputed juſtifies
The Soul, the Scripture ſaith;
Then on the Saviour reſt,
On him depend and truſt,
And he'll preſent your Souls,
Both ſpotleſs, pure, and juſt.

Sweet Saviour of the loſt,
From hell thou ſets them free,
Gives title to a Crown,
That they might reign with thee:

What pity, Love, and grace,
And what Compaſſion's here,
For GOD, to give his Son,
And CHRIST his Life moſt dear.

The LORD our Righteouſneſs,
Obey'd his Father's will,
There's none but CHRIST alone,
Could e'er the Law fulfill;
Its Precepts he obey'd,
Its curſe he took away,
And ſuffer'd for GOD's ſheep,
A ſpotleſs Lamb for they.

None but Chriſt's ſacrifice,
None but his Blood alone,
Could waſh away our Guilt,
Or for our Sins atone;
Chriſt's Blood redeems to GOD,
By that, Sin is forgiv'n,
His Life, and Death alone,
A title gives to heav'n.

O! the extremity,
And mighty Load of Guilt,
The Lord of Life ſuſtain'd,
His Blood he freely ſpilt;
Down from his Body ran,
Great ſtreams of purple gore,
When he for Sin aton'd,
What dreadful wrath he bore!

O! may our hearts and Eyes,
Be melted with this Love,
Chriſt bore the thorny Crown,
To crown his Saints above;

Eternal Love and Blood,
  Will tune the Notes of praiſe,
Of all the ſav'd above,
  When they his honour raiſe.

What honour's paid above,
  What glory and renown,
While grace and dying love,
  Will to GOD's praiſe redound;
When all the ſav'd on high,
  Will join the heavn'ly choir,
Then burning, flaming Love,
  Will all their Songs inſpire.

The Infinite God-man,
  Almighty is to ſave,
And has redeem'd the Souls,
  That do for Mercy crave;
Then thoſe that come to him,
  He ne'er will caſt away,
But raiſe their Souls to bliſs,
  To dwell in perfect day.

But till the Spirit does,
  Convince the Sinners Mind,
To ſee his need of Chriſt,
  That pearl of Price can't find;
Faith's bright celeſtial Eye,
  Beholds her Saviour ſhine,
How raviſhing the Sight,
  How glorious and divine!

With ſparkling luſtre will,
  In a more dazzling Light,
Shine brighter than the Sun,
  When Faith is turn'd to ſight;

O how conſpicuous then,
His glories will appear!
Grand and reſplendent when,
The ſav'd will ſee him there.

On a Majeſtick Throne,
Chriſt ſits and there's ador'd,
And all the ſhining hoſts,
Praiſe him with one accord;
Heaven's Valleys ſound aloud,
The ſpacious arches ring,
While all in Chorus join,
To praiſe their lofty King.

How they exert their Pow'rs,
To praiſe their King that reigns,
And ſweetly ſound their Notes,
In the moſt lofty ſtrains;
They ſtrike upon the ſtring,
Of everlaſting Love,
And Grace, and Blood divine,
Tunes all their Songs above.

Salvation, O! that ſweet,
That moſt delightful ſound,
Rings O'er the heavn'ly hills,
In Notes and Songs profound;
But their moſt fervent Songs,
Or loſt'eſt Notes they raiſe,
Can never riſe ſo high,
As his deſerved praiſe.

Bright Seraphs, ſound his praiſe,
And make all heaven ring!
While all the ſav'd above,
His higheſt honours ſing,

Free

Free Grace, and Blood divine,
  They'll ſing for evermore,
Their moſt delightful Theme,
  While endleſs Years endure.

Thanks to the GOD of Love,
  And to the Saviour given,
To the ſanctifier,
  Be paid in Earth, and heaven.
Give equal honours to,
  The undivided Three,
To glorify, and Praiſe,
  Let heav'n, and Earth agree.

On the Volume of the FIRMAMENT.

GREAT Volume of the ſkies,
  That wide extended book,
Lies open to our Eyes,
  With pleaſure there we look;
The Pages how they blaze!
  How bright the letters ſhine!
We ſee, when there we gaze,
  The Writer is divine.

The Lines are clear and bright!
  The Characters are fair!
And all the Reading does,
  The Author's praiſe declare;
His Work is all complete,
  His wiſdom ſhines moſt bright,
His Fame paſt Ages read,
  And ſkill with great delight.

The ſyllables of Stars,
  Spell out the mighty one,
In the dim Moon we read,
  But clearer in the Sun;

His

His Wiſdom, Power and Grace,
Excells the radiant ſkies,
Shines brighter than the Sun,
Or what's beheld with eyes!

Exalt the loſty one,
Whom all his works do praiſe,
And liſt his Glories high,
His honours ſtrive to raiſe;
Give adoration to,
GOD's everlaſting Name,
And ſtrive with all your Souls,
To raiſe his glorious fame.

On the Bright METEOR.

IN Eighty-three was ſeen,
A Meteor ſhining bright,
Which beam'd refulgent rays,
And gave a glorious light;
Its ſparkling Face that ſhone
More bright than glitt'ring gold;
The radiant luſtre of,
Was dazzling to behold.

How wond'rous for to ſee,
That blazing lamp of light!
When thro' the open Air,
It took its rapid flight;
It hurl'd along the Air,
With haſte it fled the Skies,
The brighteſt Colours had,
That e'er was ſeen with Eyes;

How beauteous 'twas adorn'd,
And curious was the ſight,
It went towards the South,
At Nine o'Clock at Night;

'Twas

'Twas deck'd with gorgeous pride,
And had no frightful look,
And ſhew'd God's marvellous works,
When thro' the Air it took.

Divine muſt be the pow'r,
Celeſtial was the ſkill,
That form'd that glorious light,
To ſhew his wonders ſtill:
Now if this burning Ball,
Had on this Nation fell;
O what Deſtruction then!
But GOD preſerv'd us well.

On the Lights in the AIR.

THE fine and beauteous Arch,
Is gilded with bright beams,
The Vapours how they blaze,
And look like burning ſtreams:
The Vaulted glitt'ring Air,
The ſparkling brazen Lights,
GOD's curious works are there,
How marvellous thoſe ſights!

The flaming blazing ſtrakes,
Bright Vapours ſtream along,
And mount the lofty ſkies,
Among the Starry throng;
The ſhining Vapours ſtrike,
Their bright and dazzling glance,
They are like glittering Swords,
They do ſo quiver and dance.

Thoſe waved beams above,
Appear like ſheets of fire,
And look like ſtreams of blood,
In ſcarlet red attire;

How deep the Colour dy'd,
They're of a coral ſtain,
As the Vermilion hue,
Or garments of the ſlain.

How often do theſe ſcenes,
Strake o'er the Cryſtal Air,
And ſtain the beauteous Face,
Of that tranſparent fair;
We gaze upon the Sight,
And View the wond'rous ſhow,
But what it does foretel,
What Mortal here can know.

A Deſcription of Old Age and Death.
From Eccleſiaſtes 12th.

THE ruddy ſcarlet Lips,
Of the Vermilion hue,
They quiver and turn pale,
And ſweat the Cheeks bedew;
The bluſhing coral Cheeks,
Turn to a ſnowy die,
The fine and bluſhing red,
No more thereon ſhall lie.

The rolling ſparkling Eyes,
Which look ſo vaſtly bright,
Are in their Sockets ſunk,
And dimneſs veils the ſight;
The curtains when they're drawn,
The windows loſe their light,
When darkneſs veils the Eyes,
Then all with them is Night.

The keepers of the houſe,
The feeble Arms ſhall ſhake,
And every Joint and Limb,
Will tremble and will quake;

When

When old decrepit Age,
  Will bow towards the ground,
The Grinders ceaſe their Work,
  None in the Mill are found,

Or Silver cord be loos'd,
  The ſtrength the ſinews have,
Such may be well aſſur'd,
  They're tott'ring to the Grave;
Or Golden Bowl be broke,
  That covers o'er the brain,
Or Pitcher of the Veins,
  Which does the blood contain.

And when the heart ſtrings break,
  How do they pant for breath!
And ſoon the Body turns,
  Into its former earth;
And quick that Lump of Clay,
  It moulders into duſt,
The Spirit turns to GOD,
  From whom it came at firſt.

Ye gay and blooming Youth,
  Your great Creator fear,
And ſerve him in your prime,
  Before grey hairs appear;
Then fleſhly pleaſures ceaſe,
  And worldly comforts die,
And the Graſshopper will,
  A heavy Burden lie.

The Muſical Daughters then,
  Shall be brought very low,
Their bodily Organs,
  No more they e'er ſhall blow,

When they're deaf to all Sounds,
When their Voice it ſhall fail,
Then Life is a Burden,
For Afflictions prevail.

While the Sun and the Moon,
Shall ſhine bright from on high,
And the glittering Stars,
Which adorn the wide ſky;
In the midſt of thy Youth,
When they're clear to thy ſight,
Then remember thy GOD,
And ſerve him with delight.

On DIVINE LIGHT.

O That a Beam of ſacred Light,
May chaſe the ſhades of pitchy Night;
Come that bright Morn that happy day,
Then ſhall my Darkneſs paſs away.

O! for a Ray of heavn'ly ſhine,
Lord give me Light which is divine;
That radiant Lamp will ſhew me clear,
The Path of Life which I muſt ſteer.

O! may thy ſpirit guide my Feet,
To ſacred Joys which are moſt ſweet;
GOD's Word and ſpirit makes us know,
The bleſſed way our Feet muſt go.

If GOD but once this Word ſhould ſpeak,
Let there be Light then Light will break;
And dart bright beams thro' all my Soul,
As when Light fled from Pole to Pole.

'Tis in thy Light we may behold,
What is Divine, that does unfold

And ſhews what Sins lurks in our Breaſt,
Thoſe Evils that can't be expeſs'd.

It gives new Eyes unto the Blind,
And 'luminates the human Mind;
It gives a knowledge of the Lord,
And ſhews the Wonders of his Word!

This light reveals GOD's Love and GRACE,
And that it ſhines in JESUS' Face;
'Tis by this light the Saviour's known,
And luſtre of his beauty's ſhewn.

This Light a ſaving knowledge brings,
Of Chriſt and of Celeſtial things;
'Tis Light divine and nothing leſs,
That does reveal Chriſt's Righteouſneſs.

Tho' holineſs once lay conceal'd,
Yet now its beauties are reveal'd;
'Tis holineſs ſhines glorious bright,
Unto that Soul who has this light.

By Grace divine may I ariſe,
To that bright World above the ſkies;
Chriſt ſhines with dazzling brightneſs there,
How brilliant muſt that light appear.

His radiant beams thoſe ſacred Rays,
His ſmiles and Love and grace diſplays;
That ſparkling and refulgent light,
Muſt ſhine conſpicuous to the ſight.

That glitt'ring luſtre can't decline,
But thro' eternal Ages ſhine;
Tranſparent brightneſs fills the Throne,
GOD and the Lamb's the light we own.

Beſpangled is that World above,
There all the Realms are light and love;
And ſhine more bright than Poliſh'd Gold,
How moſt delightful to behold.

That

That Light diſplays a glorious View,
Where ſweet delights are ever new;
Freſh pleaſures riſe for all the bleſt,
And Joys that cannot be expreſt.

How beauteous muſt that place appear,
Reſplendent are the glories there;
Grand and Majeſtick is that Throne,
For GOD is there in light unknown.

The dazzling and Meridian Sun,
Which thro' the Cryſtal Air does run;
It's light altho' ſo bright doth ſhine,
'Tis like a glow-worm! Lord to thine!

He that did form the Sun before,
He can create ten thouſand more;
He's light above and light below,
And 'tis from him all light doth flow.

On HAPPINESS.

TRUE happineſs, where doth that bleſſing ſpring;
Not from the Earth, nor a Terreſtrial thing;
Above the Clouds beyond the lofty ſkies,
'Tis there it grows and there it never dies.

It can't be had from ought beneath the ſun,
Nor in the bound he doth his circuits run;
Round all the Globe true bliſs can ne'er be found,
It ſprings above, but not from earthly ground.

This World's a cheat, it flatters and deceives,
Its promis'd bliſs it never with us leaves;
It ſtarves the Soul to feed on huſks and wind,
That can't be fill'd but with a heavn'ly kind.

The great ſupreme on high 'tis he can bleſs,
'Tis he alone creates our happineſs;
It is from him Celeſtial Pleaſures flow,
And ſweet delights, which all the bleſt ſhall know. 'Tis

'Tis from the Treaſures of his boundleſs love,
Thence ſprings the happineſs of all above;
From ſeas of love the bleſt ſhall drink their fill;
Drink evermore and leave a fulneſs ſtill!

And now my ſoul where is thy place of reſt,
There's nothing in this World can make thee bleſt;
GOD's grace and peace and love and ſmiles divine,
Create our Joy when we can ſay we're thine.

When blood divine is to our ſouls apply'd,
And faith beholds Chriſt for us crucify'd;
Our pleaſure then, and joy and Raptures riſe!
And hopes of bliſs, above the lofty ſkies.

There ſweet Delights and endleſs pleaſure roll,
That bliſs and Joy can ſatisfy the Soul;
Then fix my Soul upon celeſtial things,
On GOD whence happineſs for ever ſprings.

The Contents of the Nineteenth P S A L M.

The Pſalmiſt here, ſhews that the Creatures all,
GOD's Glory ſhew, all round this earthly Ball;
And that the Word, ſets forth his Grace and Love,
Here David prays for Grace to GOD *above.*

THE lofty ſpangled heavens, GOD's glory raiſe,
Their glorious hoſt, their great Creator praiſe;
The Firmament, that looks ſo bright and gay,
With ſplendor doth, GOD's handy works diſplay.

With luſtre doth, the grand Majeſtick ſky,
Preſent its beauties to the naked eye;
A faint diſplay, of the great infinite,
How glorious he, who dwells in perfect light.

How hath his hand, adorn'd bright Ethers Field,
This gorgeous pride, it doth ſome pleaſure yeild;
The Viſion of his Face which all adore,
Yield ſweet delights, and give ten thouſand more. The

The Moon the Stars they ſhine with luſtre bright,
But Oh! the Sun, is dazzling to the ſight;
Theſe glories ſhine, but thoſe where GOD doth dwell,
Exceed, as doth the ſun a ſpark excel!

By Faith Divine I'd look beyond the ſky,
To that bright world where Pleaſures never die;
And View my Saviour on his royal throne,
Who ſhines beyond the ſun, in light unknown.

The bright expanſe of the Vermilion hue,
Th' embroider'd Arch is pleaſant for to View;
Theſe works of GOD are pleaſure to behold,
To taſte his love, that pleaſure can't be told.

The days which doth with dazzling brightneſs ſhine,
Proclaim and tell they're rul'd by power Divine;
The peaceful and the ſtill and ſable night,
Declares GOD's wiſdom, goodneſs, and his might.

GOD's wonders they to every nation tell,
All people here that round the Globe do dwell;
Days, Nights, and Years, and all the ſhining train,
They prove a GOD, his marvellous works explain!

The bright Meridian day with all its blaze,
And all the ſtarry train on which we gaze;
And all terreſtrial things from Pole to Pole,
Shew that GOD's wiſdom doth direct the whole.

Like as a bridegroom on his wedding day,
The ſun is deck'd with all his bright array;
With haſte bright Phœbus from his Eaſtern bed,
He riſes up, and ſhews his lovely head.

And like a Champion, runs his race with ſpeed,
To reſt his head, he never ſtands in need;
With rapid ſwiftneſs, runs extenſive rounds,
And ſtrictly keeps his great creator's bounds.

The Law of GOD, his bleſſed holy word,
Inſtructons give, ſweet counſels do afford ;
GOD by his word he oft converts the Soul,
And makes him wiſe, his broken heart makes whole.

The fear of God doth from pollution cleanſe,
And ſanctifies the Sinners heart and hands ;
Thy word is clean from 'dulteration free.
Its holy Lines and Pages came from thee.

Theſe Magazines and everlaſting mines,
O ſearch my Soul where grace conſpicuous ſhines,
There ſweetneſs flows to pleaſe the Palate well ;
There's Love that doth the honeycomb excel.

In this wide field there is the pearl of price,
And warning's gave, to keep from ſin and vice ;
In keeping GOD's Commands rewards are given,
But Chriſt alone for Saints hath purchas'd heaven.

My ſecret Faults to GOD's omniſcient Eye,
Are bare and clear, and all quite naked lie ;
From hidden Sins, Lord cleanſe my filthy breaſt,
O may my heart of them be diſpoſſeſt.

From wilful Sins, O GOD my mind reſtrain,
Let not preſumptuous Sins, my Conduct ſtain ;
Far from my heart may they be baniſh'd hence,
That I ben't Guilty, of that great offence.

O may my Words be ſeaſon'd with much grace,
And all my thoughts, be right before thy face ;
O Lord my ſtrength, help me to do thy will,
That my redeemer I may honour ſtill.

The Uſe of Inſtruction which ariſes from this Pſalm.

When we behold the gorgeous lofty ſky,
Thence let us learn to lift GOD's honours high ;
And when the brilliant ſhining hoſt are ſeen,
Learn to adore the grand Majeſtick being.

Let's read Gods holy bleſſed word with care,
For glorious grace it is revealed there!
Now let us pray while we have time and ſpace,
As holy David did, O pray for grace.

The LARK, an Emblem of the Chriſtian.

SWEET herald of the balmy riſing Morn,
That warbles forth her Notes o'er Fields of Corn;
She leaves the Earth and ſings at break of Day,
And ſoars aloft and mounts th' Etherial Way.

So may my Soul with all her Pow'rs ariſe,
And wing with haſty flight above the ſkies
Up to the great Supreme enthron'd in Light
May my Affections take their rapid flight:

And be inflam'd with pure Seraphic Love,
And center in Celeſtial things above;
Leave all the Globe and fix on things on high,
On ſolid bliſs where pleaſures never die.

May fervent Cries aſcend, the lofty throne,
And praiſes riſe for Mercies GOD has ſhewn;
May Prayer and Praiſe mount to the Royal Seat,
And there be heard, thro' Chriſt, I wou'd intreat.

O! when there's Light divine ſhines in my Soul,
It mounts on high where endleſs pleaſures roll;
Thoſe ſacred Rays and beams of heav'nly Light,
Makes glad the Soul, and gives it ſpiritual ſight.

It is on high the Lark ſhe ſings her ſong,
So may I join among the heav'nly throng;
And ſing above, in high and lofty ſtrains
Where praiſes echo thro' the heavnly Plains.

When Froſt and Snow like Aſhes veil the Ground,
The Lark's not heard her Notes ſhe will not ſound,
Nor when the Storms come heavy in the Spring,
Her vigour droops and ſhivers in the Wing. But

But when bright Phœbus ſheds his Morning rays,
She mounts with Joy, on Earth no longer ſtays;
So when the Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine
And warm my Heart, I'd riſe in Notes divine.

The tow'ring Lark deſcends to deeps profound,
Her humble lodging is upon the ground;
Sink low my Soul, be humbled in the duſt,
Abaſe thyſelf before the Lord moſt juſt,

How happy they who dwell in perfect Joy,
In endleſs bliſs where pleaſures never cloy;
Where new delights like mighty rivers ſpring,
Flow from the Throne of the Celeſtial King.

And when my Soul ſhall leave this Earthly clod,
O may it fly to ſee a Smiling GOD;
And praiſes and ſweet Hallelujahs ſing,
In lofty ſtrains to the exalted King.

An ADDRESS to YOUTH. Eccleſiaſtes Ch. 11. v. 9.

Rejoice O Young Man in thy Youth, and let thy Heart cheer thee in the Days of thy Youth, and walk in the ways of thine Heart, and in the Sight of thine Eyes: but know thou that for all theſe Things GOD will bring thee into Judgement.

THeſe words at firſt do hoiſt the Young Man's Sail,
To ſhew his follies great, they will not fail;
To pleaſe the Youth at firſt they ſeem to tend,
Mark well theſe lines, there's Wormwood in the end.

Rejoice O Young Man in thy blooming Youth,
And gratify thyſelf, but know for truth;
At GOD's tremendous bar thou muſt appear,
And all thy glaring ſins will meet thee there.

Then with thy Fleſh, thy crimes will all ariſe,
Each like a Mountain of enormous ſize;
Guilt ſhame and blackneſs then will veil thy face,
And frowns divine will ſink thee in diſgrace.

When Tekel's equal ſcale will try thy caſe,
And Juſtice fix thy everlaſting place;
Thy heart will quake, thy joints will tremble then,
More than Bellſhazzar's when he ſaw the pen.

No Mountain then will ſcreen thy guilty head,
The hills can't hide when from their center's fled,
Then all expos'd to wrath, thy ſoul muſt lie,
When burning rocks do ſwift as hailſtones fly.

And then thy time thou never canſt recall,
But mourn thy Doom and everlaſting fall;
And then each wanton Vice will ſting thy ſoul,
And pierce thy mind while endleſs years ſhall roll.

Where deep deſpair and laſting horror reigns,
Where bitter bowls are drank in endleſs pains;
Thy ſweets will then be turn'd to bitter gall,
Thou then muſt drink that Cup, the dregs and all.

Thou wicked harden'd wretch art often told,
That thou that dreadful day muſt once behold;
And meet thy Judge, and hear thy ſentence paſs'd,
Which ne'er can be revok'd, when thou art caſt.

Think on thy wicked ways while thou haſt time,
Thy Vices leave now in thy Youth and prime;
O ſeek for grace before it be to late,
Leaſt wrath divine ſhould be thy laſting fate.

Now fly to Chriſt, and make the Judge thy friend,
Bow to his love and to his ſceptre bend;
And leave thy ſins, turn to a gracious GOD,
Or thou muſt ſink beneath his iron rod.

May grace divine fit thee for bliſs above,
And then the Judge will ſmile on thee with love;
Then rich and boundleſs grace thou't ever ſing,
And Hallelujahs to thy gracious King.

O may we meet on high, where Jeſus reigns,
And ſing immortal praiſe in lofty ſtrains;
The high'ſt and ſweeteſt notes ſung with delight,
Can never equal grace that's infinite.

On the SOUL *of* MAN.

THE worth of Souls can ne'er be told,
They never can be bought with Gold;
Nor all the Riches of the Earth,
Can ſave them from eternal Death.

For when by Sin Man's Soul was loſt,
The Soul to ſave, Chriſt's Death it coſt;
There's nothing but Chriſt's precious blood,
That can redeem the Soul to GOD.

O! what a loſs doth he ſuſtain,
Who ſells his Soul for worldly Gain;
If once 'tis loſt, what can he have?
To give to GOD? his Soul to ſave.

The Body's like a Cabinet,
There all the Parts are nicely ſet!
There dwells the Soul, which GOD's own breath,
Infus'd in Man, when firſt on earth.

GOD lighted up that Vital ſpark,
When all Man's Pow'rs lay in the dark;
A ſpirit that's a Conſcious being,
That has no Parts that can be ſeen.

The Soul's Immortal 'twill not die,
But lives throughout Eternity;
A ſpirit that is uncompound,
Can't be corrupted in the ground.

The Body moulders in the Grave,
The ſpirit flies to GOD who gave
The firſt Exiſtance, and its birth,
To hear its Doom of Life or Death.

How

How large the Powers of the Mind!
No true Content from Earth they find;
Not all the Earth the Soul can fill,
Without its GOD, 'tis empty ſtill.

Man's Soul at firſt the Scriptures tell,
Poſſeſt GOD's Image, till he fell,
Now Man by Sin ſuſtains that loſs,
O how his Gold is turn'd to Droſs.

Man's Soul at firſt was free from ſin,
And holineſs it dwelt therein;
Man's Knowledge then was clear and bright,
And GOD was then his Soul's Delight.

Man's will was then his Maker's Mind,
Nor was to ſin the leaſt inclin'd;
Man's love to GOD was then a Flame,
And he ador'd his Maker's Name.

GOD's Glory then was what Man ſought,
In heart, in life, in will, and thought;
How glorious was the Soul adorn'd,
When by its Maker, it was form'd!

With ſparkling luſtre then it ſhone,
But now alaſs! its Beauty's gone,
Eve, by the Serpent was beguil'd,
And then Man's Soul was all defil'd.

Now ſin deſcends thro' Adam's Race,
And Death enſues without GOD's grace;
The Soul is now debas'd to Earth,
And ſeeks the road that leads to Death.

The Soul by ſin is ſtained Red,
And by GOD's law is deemed Dead;
Ten thouſand worlds GOD wou'd deſpiſe,
If offer'd for a ſacrifice.

'Tis

'Tis Jeſus' Death and Blood alone,
That is ſufficient to atone;
What Man has loſt, he may regain,
For Blood divine can cleanſe the ſtain.

GOD's ſpirit can the Soul renew,
And all its ſin he can ſubdue;
O may the ſpirit now be given,
To cleanſe from ſin and fit for heav'n.

GOD can adorn our Souls afreſh,
His grace can cleanſe our ſinful fleſh;
If once his Image he reſtore,
That can't be loſt for evermore.

Man's conſcience once was fill'd with light,
Then ſpoke the truth and what was right,
But now the conſcience is defil'd,
How dark and random, and how wild.

The Soul is thus deprav'd with ſin,
Pollution that lies deep within;
What once was Man? what now he is?
With ſerioufneſs conſider this.

Tho' Man on ſin has once been bent,
If he believes and does repent,
Through Chriſt his ſins will be forgiven,
And GOD will raiſe his Soul to heav'n.

Tho' now the Soul inhabits clay,
Yet ſoon 'twill paſs thro' ether's way;
When once it leaves this earthly clod,
It flies unto its Centre GOD.

O! flee from ſin and Satan's ſnare,
And make your Souls your only Care;
He that is made divinely wiſe,
His precious Soul he'll ever prize.

O!

O! ſeek the bleſſings of the day,
And ſeize the prize now while you may:
With earneſtneſs GOD's Mercy crave,
And fly to Chriſt your Souls to ſave.

On ETERNITY.

JUST as the bending and the circling O,
Eternity no end will ever know;
Millions of Years will run extenſive rounds,
Eternity it never knows no bounds.

The utmoſt thought can never comprehend,
The bounds of that which never has an end,
Eternity is like to endleſs ſpace;
Which has no bounds nor any ending place.

For everlaſting muſt always endure,
Sure as this word imports for evermore;
O vaſt duration! which is Infinite,
The end of which we ne'er can have a ſight.

O mighty Ocean! who can find its ſhore?
Nor to its banks, no one can ſculler o'er,
To fathom which it wou'd our thoughts confound;
'Tis Bottomleſs, as well as has no bound.

As we have Souls born for eternity,
To riſe to bliſs or ſink to miſery;
It well becomes us ſolemnly to think,
Upon it now, for we are on the brink.

May we be fitted for eternal Joy,
Eternal Songs will then our tongues employ,
Eternal Ages, ſpent in praiſe above,
Can never equal GOD's Eternal Love.

FINIS.